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EDINBURGH:

Published by Caw & Elder,
High Street.

To a Good Boy.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



THERE was a good Boy
Who went to the Fair,
And the people rejoic'd
Because he came there ;
They all gave him Fairings,
Because he was good,
And let him have all
The fine things that he
wou'd.

THE
HUMOURS

OF

A FAIR;

OR,

A DESCRIPTION
OF THE

Early Amusements in Life:

In which you may see all the fun of
the Fair;

And at home be as happy as if you
were there.

EDINBURGH:

Printed and Sold Wholesale,

By Caw and Elder, High Street.

1819.

Price Twopence.

To a GOOD GIRL.



So, pretty *Miss Prudence*,
You're come to the Fair ;
And a very good Girl
They tell me you are.
Here, take this fine orange,
This watch, and this knot,
You're welcome my dear
'To all we have got..

*The description of a Fair,
which begins in a manner
not at all wonderful:*

HALLOO Boys, halloo Boys,
Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !

Come Tom, make haste,
the Fair is begun. Here is
Joe Pudding, with the Grid-



iron on his back, and all
the Boys hallooing.

Make haste, make haste ;
but dont get into the crowd ;
for little boys are often trode
upon, and even crushed to
death by mixing with the
mob. If you would be safe
by all means avoid a crowd.
Look yonder, Dick Wilson



has done the very thing
I cautioned you against.

He has got into the middle of that great mob. A silly chit ! that boy is always thrusting his nose into difficulties. How the rogue scuffles and roars ! He deserves all the squeezing he has got, because he will never take advice, and yet I am sorry for him.—But what comes here ! Oh, this is Mr Pug riding upon a man's head in order to draw a crowd together. See how the rogue cracks nuts and throws the shells at the people.

One monkey makes many,
says the proverb, and here it



is verified.—Who tapp'd me
on the shoulder? Oh, Sam!



what, are you come puffing and blowing ! Why you look as busy as a fool in a Fair. Well, what news do you bring from this region of nonsense ? Why, says Sam, there is such a mobbing at the other side of the Fair, as you never saw in your life ; and one fat fellow is got among them that has made me laugh immoderately. Stand further, good folks, says he, What a mob is here ! Who raked all this filthy crowd together ? Why, you overgrown sloven, says a footman, that stood by, who makes half

so much noise and crowding as you ? reduce your own fat paunch to a reasonable compass, sirrah, and there will be room enough for us all. Upon this the whole company set up a shout, crowding round my friend Tunbelly ; and as some sol-



diers, who were beating for

olunteers, came up at the
ime, they left an opening,
hrough which I made my
scape, and have brought
ff Dick Wilson with me,
who, having been heartily
queezed, and having twelve
of his ten toes trode off, is
now cur'd of his impertinent
curiosity. The first thing
I saw that gave me pleasure,
was old Gaffer Gingerbread's
stall, and little Giles behind
it.

Here's gingerbread, ginger-
bread here, of the best,
Come buy all I have, and
I'll give you the rest.



The only man in the world for gingerbread. What do you buy? says the old gentleman? please to buy a gingerbread wife, sir, here's a very delicate one. Indeed there's too much gold upon the nose; but that is no objection to those who marry their wives

by weight. Will you please to have a gingerbread husband, madam? I assure you, you may have a worse. Or buy a watch, madam. Here are watches for belles, beaux, bucks, and blockheads, who squander away their time, and then cry for it. Observe the motto on the dial-plate of this watch, madam, you never saw a finer dial-plate in your life, or a motto that deserves so much of your serious consideration—

*When time is gone,
Eternity comes on.*

Besides, it is only a penny,
with all the gold about it.

The sensible manner in
which little Giles spoke,
brought all the people to his
father's stall, and among
the rest the Merry Andrew.



The crowd that came
with him obliged us to leave

the place ; but just as we
were going, Giles called out,
Pray, gentlemen, buy a
house before you go. 'Tis
better to buy than to build.
The folly of building a fine
house has obliged many a
man to lie in the street.
You have heard of

— *The Cock that crow'd
in the morn,
That waked the priest all
Shaven and shorn,
That married the man all
tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all
forlorn,
That milked the Cow with
the crumpled horn,*

*That tossed the Dog,
That worried the Cat,
That killed the Rat,
That ate the Malt,
That lay in the House that
Jack built.*



This is the house that Jack built. If there is any part you do not like you may eat it. Buy, gentlemen, buy, and

don't build. Observe what the poet says on this subject: *The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay, Provides a home from which to run away.*

A little further we saw one with the wheel of For-



tune before him, playing with children for oranges.

What do you say? twenty may play as well as one, Aye, and all may lose, I suppose. Go away, sirrah, what! do you teach children to game? Gaming is a scandalous practice. The gamester, the liar, the thief, and the pick-pocket, are first cousins, and ought all to be turned out of company.—At this instant up came Dick Sudbury crying; and what do you think he cries for? Why, he has been at the gaming table, or in other words, at the wheel of Fortune, and lost all the money that was given him

by his father and mother, and the fairings that he received from Mr Long, Mr Williams, and Mrs Good-enough. At first he won an orange, put it in his pocket, and was pleased ; then he won a knife, whipt it up, and was happy ; after this he won many other things, till at last fortune turned against him, as at one time or other she always does, against those that come to her wheel, and seek her favours, and he was choused of all his money, and brought nothing away with him but a half-penny Jew's harp.—

See how he cries.



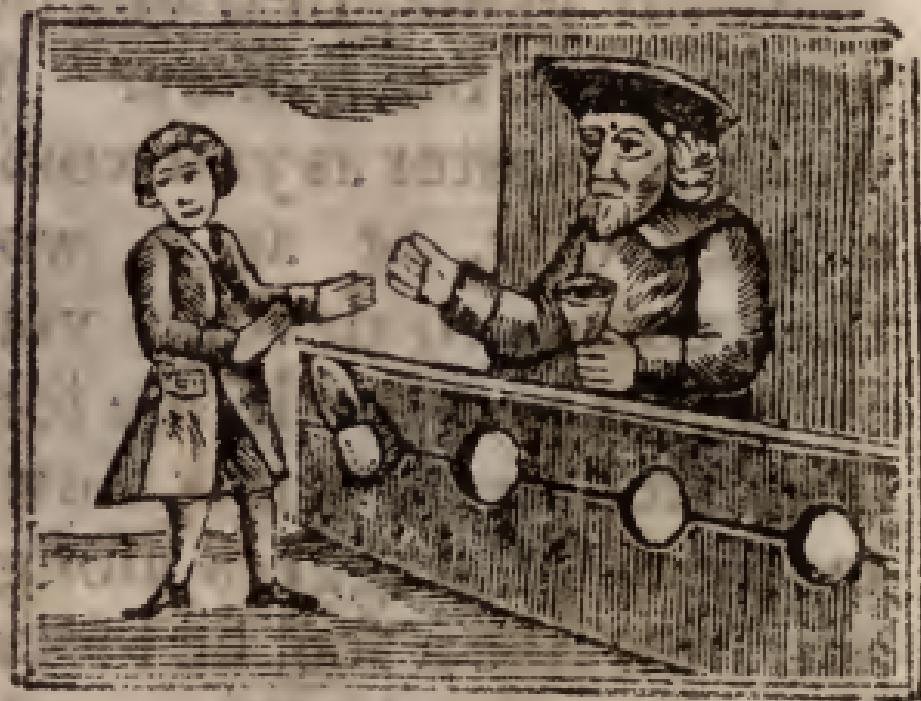
Why do you bellow so, you
monkey? Goaway, and learn
more sense for the future.

*Would you be wealthy, honest
Dick,
Ne'er seek success at For-
tune's wheel;*

*For she does all her vol'ries
trick,
And you'll sad disappoint-
ments feel.*

Never game, or if you do,
never play for money. Avoid a gamester as you would
a mad dog, or as a wolf
that comes to devour you.
What do you jostle me for?
That fellow is drunk now;
see how he staggers along;
and how like a fool he looks!
Drunkenness turns a man
into a beast, and reduces
him beneath the notice even
of a boy. Let us put him
in the stocks; that was the
place intended for those who

barter their reason for a pot
of beer, and waste that which
others want. In with him!
In with him!



*See here's drunken Will,
Who did nothing but swill,
Pray hiss at the fool as you
pass;*

*He has spent all his pence,
He has lost all his sense,
And is now dwindled down
to an ass.*

Heyday ! who comes here ? Oh, this is the Moun-
tebank.



*He cures your every sore,
And makes you twice as
many more.*

But hear him, hear his speech, and observe the Merry Andrew.

The Doctor's Speech.

Gentlemen and ladies, I am the doctor of all doctors, who can doctor you all. I ease your pains gratis, cure you for nothing, and sell you my packets that you may never be sick again.

[Enter Andrew.] Sirrah, where have you been this morning?

Andrew. Been, sir; why I have been on my travels, sir; with my knife, sir, I have travelled round this great apple. Besides,

this, I have travelled through the Fair, sir, and bought all these gingerbread books at a man's stall who sells learning by the weight and measure, arithmetic by the gross, geometry by the square, and philosophy by the pound. So I bought the philosophy, and left the physic for you, master.

Doctor. Why, sirrah, do you never take pliysic?

Andrew. Yes, master; sometimes.

Doctor. What sort do you take?

Andrew. Any sort, no natter what sort.

Doctor. And how do you take it?

Andrew. Why, I take it; I take it; and put it on the shelf; and if I don't get well, I take it down again, and work it off with good strong ale. But you shall hear me read in my golden book, Master.

He that can dance

*With a bag at his back,
Need swallow no physic,*

*For none he doth lack;
But he who is healthy,*

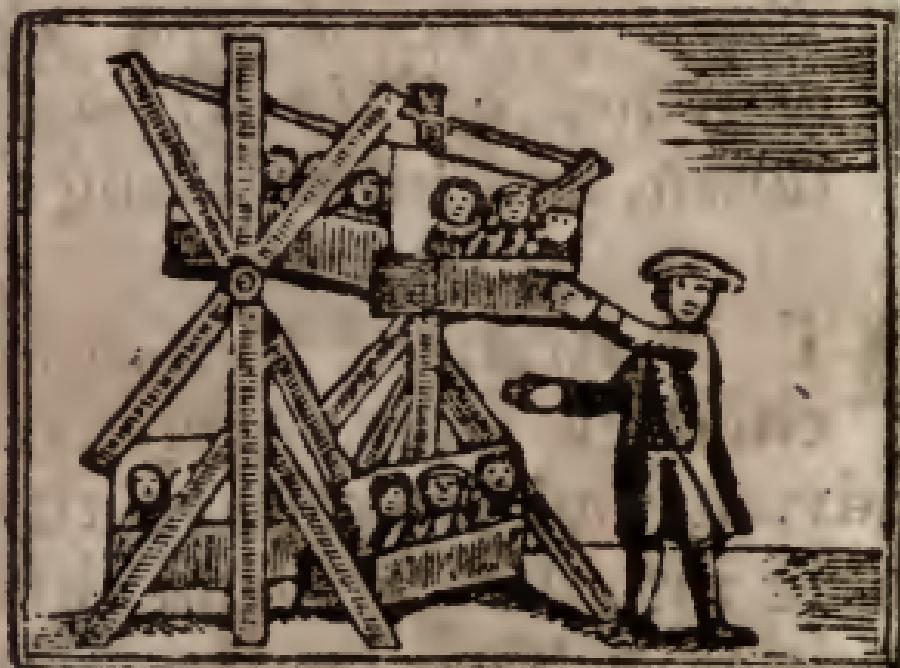
*And cheerful, and cool,
Yet squanders his money
On physic's a fool.*

Huzza, halloo boys, halloo!
halloo!

Sam Sensible's *Account of what he had seen in the Fair; particularly a description of the Up-and-down, and other things.*

IT is strange! but some children will never take advice, and are always running into dangers and difficulties. That chit, Wat Wilful, has been riding on the Up-and-down, and has fallen off, and been almost killed. You know what I mean by the Up-and-down?

It is a horse in a box, a
horse that flies in the air,
like that which the ancient
poets rode on. But here it is.

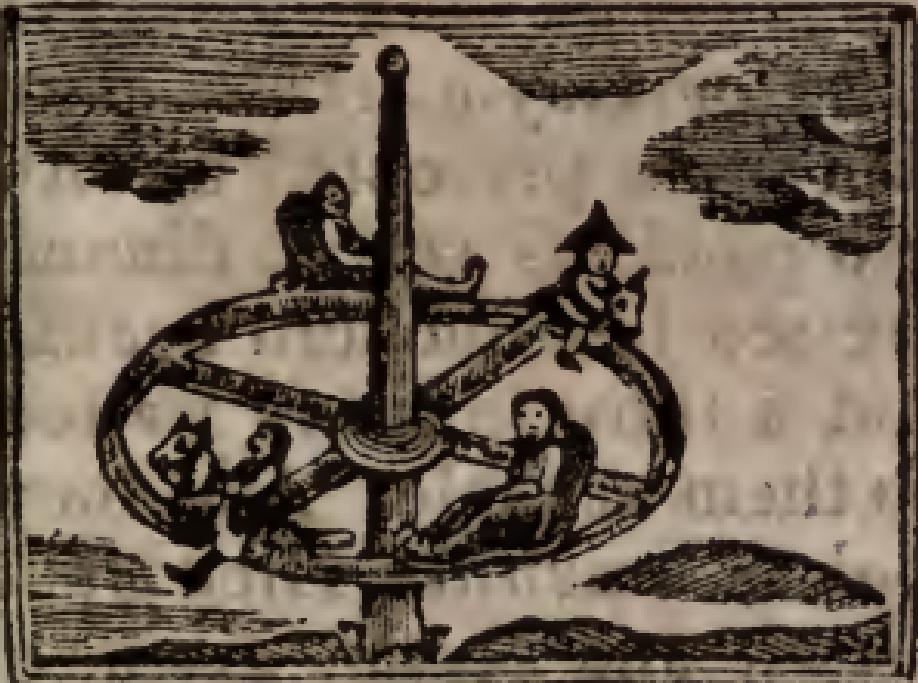


LINES on the Up-and-down.

*This sinks to the ground,
While that rises high ;
But then you'll observe
He'll sink by and by :*

*Just so 'tis at court,
To-day you're in place,
To-morrow, perhaps,
You're quite in disgrace.*

Had Wilful taken his mother's advice, and rod upon the Round-about, as Dick



Stamp, and Will Somers did,
he might have whipped and

spurred for an hour without doing any mischief, or receiving any hurt. But he was a proud and obstinate silly boy.

At the farther end of the Fair we were shewn the comical dogs and monkeys just from Hay-market.—The first scene presented us with two monkeys set at dinner, dressed like modern beaux, and a third in livery waited on them at table. And they look as much like Dick Dapperwit and Jemmy Jessamy as ever you saw in your life ; they bowed to the company, drank to each

other, and behaved extremely well.



In the next scene several dogs appeared walking on their hind legs, dressed like soldiers, with their guns and bayonets fixed, and ran up ladders to storm a castle while the guns were firing.

32 *The Humours of*
from the top of the works
After this my old friend the
learned Dog made his ap-
pearance.



He spelt all our names,
from the letters before him,
told us the time of the day,
and also told us our for-
tunes. We were hurried

from hence to another booth,
and placed before a Juggler
with his cups and balls.



Quick, Presto, Be gone.

This conjuring cur played
a great many tricks; such
as putting down three emp-
ty cups, as he pretended,
and commanding a ball to

fly under each of the cups. He then put some eggs into a bag, when, in a short time after, out came a live hen. But Dick Dawson, who you know is a very arch, sensible boy, confounded him so much with his discoveries, that all the company laughed to find he had more wit than the conjuror.

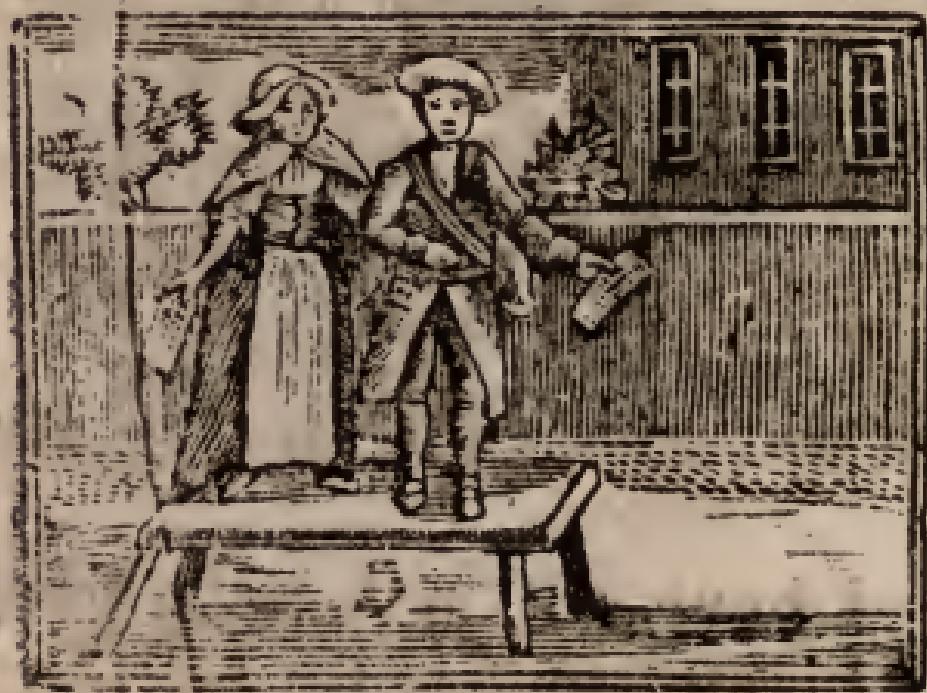
From hence we went to see the Puppet show, and that impudent rogue punch, who came in, *Caw, Wow, Waw*, strutting and prancing, and turned his backside to all the fine Ladies as you may see.



I have got, says he, I have got. What have you got? cried the fiddler. Why, I have got a present for a naughty boy, says he, and held up a rod.

Our attention was soon called away from this brazen-faced fellow, by the up-

coming of two ballad sing-
ers. See here they are.



THE LULLABY.

A Song.

YOU spotted snakes, with
double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs be not
seen;

Newts and blinds-worms,
do not wrong ;
Come not near our fairy
queen.

Philomel, with melody.

Sing in your sweet lullaby :
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby :
Never harm, nor spell, nor
charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh :
So good night, with lullaby.

*Of consequences : or an ac-
count of things not to be
accounted for.*

WHO made all that noise
just now ? You don't
know ; no I believe you

don't indeed? but I will tell you. Why, it was Tom Trip, who beat Woglog the great giant. He has got his dog Jowler with him and Rockwood and Ringwood and Rover, and Tinker and Towser, all coupled to draw him, you see, in a little chariot.



Mr. Trip, you must know, will ride an hundred miles at any time, to see any little boy or girl who is ~~not~~ remarkably good. He is the little gentleman who used to go round the country with cakes and custards to all the good boys and girls who had learned the fine little gilt books, and were good ; and having heard that Master Billy, and Miss Kitty Smith were on a visit to the Duke's, he is come a long way to see them.

Well, there was great joy at their meeting. Master Smith embraced little Trip,

and introduced him to the young Marquis. He was then led to the Duke and Duchess, who took great notice of him, I assure you: But at this instant an adventure ensued, which made us laugh heartily. And what do you think it was? Why, it was Dolly the



dairy-maid dressed in one of the sweep-street gowns, which was held up by the Duke's great dog Keeper. This was a scheme of the young Marquis and Master Smith, to ridicule this ridiculous fashion.

While we were thus entertained with Tommy Trip and the dog keeper, a gentleman lost his pocket-book. How absurd it is for people to carry any thing that is valuable into a Fair or mob.

At this time Miss Sullen and Miss Meanwell happened to go through the Fair, and the first, who was an

obstinate ill-natured girl, and would never learn her book, picked up a piece of paper printed on copper-



plate, which she threw in the dirt again, saying it was only a bit of an old almanack ; for she was so great a dunce that she could not read it. This did not satis-

fy Miss Meanwell, who was as sweet tempered a girl as the other was cross and ignorant. She took up the paper, and on reading it, found it was a bank-note of *Twenty Pounds*; upon which she



sent to the Bellman to cry it, that the right owner

might have it again, which you know was very honest: and hearing it had been taken out of the gentleman's pocket-book, who was now at the Mayor's, and had got his book again, she carried it to him. The gentleman was so pleased with her behaviour, that he gave her the note for a Fairing. Only think of that, *Twenty Pounds* for a Fairing. Besides, the gentleman took her home in his own coach, when her father and mother kissed her a thousand times.—You see here the benefit of learning to read.

After this, we are led to the Duke's house, where his grace moralized on the day's diversion.

REFLECTIONS.

A Fair may be compared to a journey through life, where mankind are always busy, but too frequently in schemes that are idle and ridiculous. You now seem tired of the Fair; and are all sensible, I hope, from the little satisfaction these baubles give you, that there is no real pleasure but in living a virtuous, peaceable, and good life.

To a Naughty Girl.



So, pert *Mrs Prate-a-pace*,
How came you here?
There is nobody wants
To see you at the Fair.
Not an orange, an apple,
A cake, or a nut,
Will any one give
To so saucy a slut.

To a Naughty Boy.



THERE was a bad Boy
Who went to the Fair,
And all the folks hiss'd,
Because he came there.
Not a thing could he get,
Of all he did lack :
And they laid his own whip
Upon his own back.
Go home, Sirrah.

FINIS.

